Youth and Hate and Love and Treasure Trove Trove

istence of young Mr. Gilbert grub in my new property." Hayden. The asset was several square rods of New Jersey. The liability was a ruined life. He had acquired the asset as an offset to the awful. No boy has any right to eyes

liability, on his physician's advice. "You buy a lot somewhere," said make 'em worse. Girly stuff." wise old Dr. Weston, who had practiced for thirty years in Morristown. to which young Hayden had removed his personal wreckage, "and build yourself a shack on it with your own eyes regarded him with suspicion. hands. By the time it's done you'll "So that's it. I wondered why the have sweated her out of your sys-

asperation of badly frazzled nerves. | friendly as a rattlesnake."

"When a young fool of twenty-four can't sleep o' nights and drops fifteen you his nerves were a little on edge." pounds weight and loses his appetite

youth.

doctor, "for both of you." Young Mr. Havden deemed it most Trefayne, then singing with marked primly. success a minor but piquant part in that Broadway triumph, "The Musical ton. "I wonder why?" Mixup." Early in the previous spring The girl began to chuckle very

surprised and disconcerted. a kid, and I'm twenty-seven if I'm a cash, In fact, I'm looking him over solemnly. Forget it, honey." Gilbert pampered his wounded egotism with lot." so profound a fit of the sulks that his private and positive diagnosis of a to be justified until he fell into the hands of Dr. Weston.

GILBERT attacked the burdock "How does he get tha growth on his plot with sus- his brain gone wrong?" tained fury and terrific slaughter. determination to grade his property. location; that's all." His hands blistered with toil. His nose peeled with the sun. His temper got worse and worse. He hated to get occasional night's sleep into Trespassing' board.

in her tawny eyes. Her hat, a small on working. and impudent affair, testered airly on hody, bent forward to let her hands

she doing on his property, anyway? Should he ask her? No; why bother? He returned to his shoveling.

ser said: "Don't you ever stop to rest?"

The toiler said, "No." That ended that. Ten minutes more

passed. The girl said:

"I wish you'd tell me what you'r doing?"

"Grading this lot" "Yes: but why?"

To build a bungalow on." The deeper hues turned golden in her eyes as she opened them very wide; but she began to chuckle "That's funny," she remarked. "That's very funny. You don't really know how funny it is. Have you been at it long?"

"It's odd I haven't seen you. t come nearly every afternoon.

I work in the mornings. "You're grading it beautifully for a layout," she continued persuasively. For some mysterious reason this seemed to afford her further amusement. "You must have been working very hard."

"I haven't had any interruptions," he pointed out, "up to now."

"Oh!" said the brown girl. Then delorously, "I believe you're getting tired of having me around." She rose captured her hat, set it in place at a disturbing angle, and strolled a few paces away to the side of the mound there she seemed to be alternately examining a signboard and consult from her pocket. When she returned she was undergoing some sort of inner struggle which ended in her com

Gilbert dropped his shovel, stood up straight and glared the best glare he

"Good-by." she said quite plead fugly. But there was a suspicious twinkle somewhere back of the apparent meekness.

"Good-by." he barked

"Come again?" she insinuated. this elicited no response she added: "I was thinking of coming back to morrow. Yes? No? Oh. well; just

ON the morrow she was there.
The indignant delver was not. ething else was, a signboard planted conspicuously on the very was freshly lettered and obviously of home manufacture. "No Trespassing" girl regarded is with a kindling eye. "Fast for that," said she, and left eclusion of the threat to the

Doors always slammed behind Nancy Wellis as if imbued by her mere touch with some of her blithe and irover to Dr. Weston, planted a kiss on

NE asset and one liability inaccurately balanced the exbuy me a trowel and rake? I want to sort of sound. "Honor bright-andticipations."

"What's wrong now?" demanded the head on his knees and began to shake ing trick you're working on me, but brown girl in lively apprehension. asset and one hability in-accurately balanced the ex-istence of young Mr. Gilbert grub in my new property." bound?" She demanded. Three more "Wait a week. Did you see my

other patient?" "That violet-eyed grouch! He's like that with long, curly lashes to you?"

"He can't help his eyes. He came by 'em honestly; I used to know his mother, years ago." "Oh, dld you!" Miss Nellis' own

special interest in him. Telling me to be nice and friendly with my "Who said anything about a her?" neighbor on the development. Well, demanded the patient with the ex- it was all wasted. He's about as

"All that I hoped of you," said the "No; she wouldn't," growled the doctor with apparent innocence, "was that you might give him a renewed "That's lucky," opined the brutal interest in life by making love to him a little."

unlucky for himself and highly rep. said Miss Nellis primly. "Sometimes rehensible on the part of Miss Zelda they make love to me," she added less

them. But when he developed snapped. "Don't tell me the young

"Who, me?" said she. "What do emn, silent, strike-you-dead oath?" you want to do that for? You're only ***

"All right. He's working on my

"Your lot? What the-"Grading it, and getting all the proken heart seemed in a fair way mean little stones out, and fixing it Only, he thinks it's for his bunga-

"Some mix-up over the numbering Having cleared the land, he built him of the parcels, I suppose. He's 16 M a tool shed and proceed with grim and I'm 16 N and he got the wrong

> "But surely he'll identify the sign sooner or later." "He might." agreed the girl plac-

the deep weariness of which troublous | For the ensuing fortnight Mr. Gildreams of Zelda did not penetrate. | bert Hayden led the life of a side-One day he began to whistle at his show. The brown girl was exhibitor work. The very next afternoon trou- and ballyhoo. Whoever her companion chanced to be-and he was She sat on a rocky mound, with usually young, male and good look-back-tilted head, delightedly breathing—the effect was the same, inexing the spring. She was a golden- tinguishable hilarity. It was perrown creature, brown of skin, brown fectly eveident to young Mr. Hayden of garb, ruddy brown of wayward that he was getting funnier and funhair, with russet gleams and dreams nier all the time. He went grimly

There came a heavy, moist, tepid a willow as if it might burst into May morning when all ambition cozed monotony. At any rate, she didn't laugh. That though at present the debtor universe was something. . . No; she was away from him. Oh, well! He swung called her attention to the fact that

> agery of the rain beat her back to shelter. The roadway became a wellow smear, perilous to any wheel. Then the whirr of the conquered engine was borne downward to him. The runabout moved, gathered head-

> Catching up a rubber poncho Gilbert dashed to the rescue. He jerked open the door. The brown girl was huddled back in the corner. Little sprays of water filled the air.

"I don't want to," she retorted. "You're not safe here," he urged. "You'll tip over any minute. Some

along to the shack." "What's the matter with the girl!"

ne cried in despair. "I j-j-ju-st don't want to go on for-"There! Don't be such an idot."

Suddenly she leaned forward. "I'll "Well? If---?" "If you'll take down that horrid

plucked powerfully out of the seat, swathed in rubber folds, and carried lightly through the wild swirl of air and water. An inexplicable reckless. t announced to all and sundry. The ness swept her. She softened herself in his grasp. Her head dropped lower and lower until, as he felt the sudden sweet warmth of a wet cheek almost dropped her in the very doorway. Accidental, of course, and meaning nothing to him, anyway. Yet her explicable luster in the dimness and her voice awoke strange echoes with-

"Honor bright-and-bound." He re-

peated the unfamiliar oath.

don't know where you get it." "It didn't take so much guessing.

Which she did to the effect that, directed obviously at him. The same not having recuperated properly from old stuff! The physician chuckled. "I told buy here a plot of ground of her own so much of it and then-

"That's all right then. Let's see," he heard the familiar purring of the nerves. she mused. "You don't like girls, do little car. Eagerly he turned, dropping his pick, and stopped short. A large Thus recalled to his wrongs he an- handsome youth was with the brown swered gloomily: "No. Though I girl. She was talking to him with an absorbed interest that excluded all else, particularly Mr. Gilbert Hayden. Well, today we're just pals together. They reached the boundary line and I'm a fellow workman. I'll tell you the climax of her tale simultaneously, and both burst into peals of laughter

a tonsilitis operation, she had been | Fury rose in Gilbert's soul. She sent to her uncle's country place a lad promised never again to share about it." The voice had hardened. mile distant; had persuaded him to him as a joke. Well, he'd stand about He heard the rustle of her dress, her to play with, and was awaiting Dr. "Hannis." The brown girl was ad- presently the throb of the departing "You told me he needed a gentle Weston's permission to get busy on dressing her companion. "Take that car.

Three more incrusted crystals, all all over, partly from fury at the unsmall ones, rewarded his search, and just fates, partly as the final lapse of he was burrowing like a badger when his overtaxed and still supersensitive Will you take my lot and five hundred

> A hand on his shoulder. A voice, very low and not quite steady, close to his ear. "Oh, don't do that!" He shook off the light touch.

Don't be a bum sport.' A bum sport! From her! That was the limit. He glared up at her. "Oh, you go to blazes!" he snarled and dropped his head again.

low-toned speech with her escort, and

"I don't believe you're much hurt, For an instant a sickening qualm shot through him. Was she only playing with him? Had she discovered the secret of the rocky mound her

"That's every cent," he replied with outer firmness.

"Very well." She took the pen which he extended and, after a momentary hesitancy, affixed her signa-

"Here's your hundred. Sign the re-

I've got to stand for it, I suppose, dollars to boot? Here's a hundred with a rueful grin. "I'm going to through with the deal. If it had beer cash to bind the bargain, and here's burst out into raucous laughter at anybody else I might have." the agreement to sell. Sign on the dotted line. What do you say?" "Is that really all its worth to

"Like what?" she demanded, self? No; if she had she'd be asking

"They're lovely. What are they?" sitting on.

ture. She scattered a lot of pretty trinkets like these all over New Jerthe gems in her lap.

"Worth about eight hundred dollars, that lot. This bunch of serpentine rock is sown with 'em. I con-

"Me! They's not mine." "Whose else would they be?"

Yes; but I'd never have found them myself," she argued eagerly. "I wasn't going to disturb the mound." Well, you can disturb it now to

thousand dollars." The brown girl glanced up at him. 'You needn't say that as if you hated me for it. It's all your fault, anyway." As no response was vouchsafed to this she added, "What are

"Go away from here and stay."

"You can get plenty of other people to do that." "Yes; but they might not be honest,

"You said I wasn't honest."

triumphantly.

"You're not going to burst out into sobs, are you?"

"No," he informed her, looking up myself for being the biggest boob on earth to think I could put anything like that over on you."

"Like this." From his pooket he irew a handful of pale, globular fires ness? Is that your idea of talking and dribbled them into her lap. Her breath quickened as she gazed first at the clusters of strange flame, and hen at him, but chiefly at him.

"Beryls. Out of this mound you're

"I don't understand. Who put them there? He laughed shortly. "Old Lady Na-

sey, and this is one of the places here she shook her Christmas tree." "Are they valuable?" The brown girl pursed her brows and stared at

gratulate you, Miss Nellis."

Why, yours. You found them,

'On your property

the tune of sixty or maybe a hundred

you going to do now?" "But-but, suppose I don't want you to go. I think you might stay and help me to dig out the pretty mar-

Realization had begun to dawn in her of courtplaster which had inexpliceyes. "Til just bet it was when you ably become displaced. "The X," she found the beryls that you forgot all observed a little catchily, "marks the about the sign. Wasn't It?"

ashamed of yourself," she asserted again? Don't you realize that we've primly. "Never mind; I know that I got business to talk over still? What can trust you now." she concluded about the partnership?"

"but I can't trust myself."

"With the pretty beryls?" she inquired innocently. "Blather the pretty beryls! With you, if you want to know. You-I-

well, that's the reason I couldn't go

TTER hat drooped a little more II overshadowingly, but her voice was quite brisk as she reminded him: "I thought you came here on busty business?

By

Samuel Hopkins

Adams

"It's all talked," said he disc

lately. "Not at all. How about our forming a little partnership to work this mine of ours? D'you call it a mine or what?"

"What kind of a partnership?" "Oh, we'll let the lawyers fix that You see, I need some one I can trust to run the place, and you need an open-air life for your poor

tle smile crinkled the corner of he: mouth, visible to him that he cried angrily: "What do you know about my

"He's a rotten physician." asserted

out here to be cured and the cure is worse than the disease." "How unflattered she'd be-not that,

fascinated dismay. "That's what you did," she accused. nodding at him. But her hands re-

She shook her head; her

spot where the crime was committed . . And explated," she added

"Oh, we'll let the minister fix that." "Maybe you can," he blurted out, said Gilbert the Digger, ecstatically (Copyright, 1922. All rights reserved.)

Futurists Expressing Phenomena

(Continued from First Page.)

notes coming out, the cow's head with transmitted through ether remain big notes, a milk pail, the sun coming true regardless of our likes or disup on one side and a shower of rain likes. The progressive person deon the other. His work, when com- lights in the new discovery and haspleted, gives the impressions of an tens to enjoy its possibilities.

ed to paint a 'dance,' would indicate a viduals will be quick to recognize its ning mouth, a sleepy eye and a pow- tion of a sham.

"It comes well from you to talk about know how to depict those details. A artistic expression, and if the world decelt," he retorted. "Letting me great modernist must have a thor- does not understand, it means a loss ough understanding of conventional both to humanity and to the strugart or else he is merely a faddist. gling artist.

> foundation, but they are the shams of the profession, and, as 'the test of the pudding is in the eating,' so the test ance. Real art differs from the insincere in that it enriches the spectator with new, actual, esthetic experience, because it represents something the artist himself has seen and felt. A work of futuristic art will haunt you and grow upon you the longer

you contemplate it, by its sense of of a sonata you have heard.

promise never to come on your prop-For some reason this failed to fill him with the satisfaction which it

followed, and sat down near him under the screening hat to watch the process. Presently she inquired: "Why are you so anxious to own this particular plece of property if

"Sentiment." he snapped. His con science was doing uneasy things deep

When was that?" he demanded. "Never mind when it was. It isn't low. And it never will be again." * * * * TTE bent over the better to see he

face. That portion of it visible beneath the hat brim seemed very young and innocent and appealing;

ment, but whether or not it is the expression of potential life force. We may not want a radie appropriate in our home, but the second by Bolissier. They are

stand still, though, and as it must

"There are perhaps a few expo- body this new titanic spirit of the nents of cubism who have not this age in a classical form, and some day I hope to produce the ideal.'

and a masterpiece bequeathed to the

Patient Toilers.

derful patience of the monkish sion of the equinoxes.

It has been said that perhaps the

most monumental life tasks of the last hundred and twenty-five years have been in the domain of botany, wherein certain astonishingly indefatigable scientists have undertaken o make a flora each of his own country. In these works we shall

Sir Joseph Hooker began the "Flora what we have? The world cannot of British India" something over sixty years ago. One volume of it remain to be finished. Martin's "Flora move forward or backward, should not our alm be to help it progress?

"The criterion of art is not the school to which it belongs, or the school to which it belongs, or the plete his "Fiora of Algeria."

my lovely jewels?"

TO THE LONE AND ALARMED SPECTATOR IT SEEMED THAT SOME ONE MIGHT WELL BE KILLED OR SERIOUSLY DAMAGED. song at any moment. Her siender out of the Hayden soul. Dead, drab a threatening attack of the chuckles and shaky. He thrust out a hand in He hated and despised her; wretched He would almost have again, the original kind) . . appeal toward her. "W-w-wait a little crook, to get all that work out don't want it." join about her knees, seemed to pul- welcomed the brown girl with her Maybe he would, if he could afford minute," he implored. of him! Suddenly he straightened up. drear stillness of the day. He hurled a rock at the "No Tresspassing" sign, he do, anyway, besides shovel dirt the large youth.

She ignored him. "There's a shovel there was a way to get even if he could keep her in ignorance of what that mound concealed.

She ignored him. "There's a shovel of the day. He hurled a cash consideration the deal limits of his picture.

A GAIN he took alarm. Without a cash consideration the deal limits of his picture.

A GAIN he took alarm. Without don't know what it will be, for it is that mound concealed. sate to the urgency of the warm. teasing laughter, as a break in the it. . . Oh, well; she wouldn't be She ignored him. "There's a shovel There was a way to get even if he work long enough to give her one glance of savage gloom. What was of the little car approaching. The Half of every day he was a designer; the large youth.

"Right-o!" returned that six-footer cheerfully, and advanced.

"Right-o!" returned that six-footer cheerfully, and advanced.

"In a mound concealed.

"You have to take it," he insisted.

Gilbert swung his pick. "You get off my property or I'll brain you." Young Mr. Holton ceased to advance. "That's something else again," he conceded reasonably. "Will you brain me?" inquired the

the deed."

"Please get off my property." in a daze. "Yes, mine. You've been working

MECHANICALLY he took the VI papers. Therein was indubitably set forth the ownership of Nancy Nellis in the parcel on which they stood. "Th-th-then," stuttered the stricker

to you and not to me."

with a happy smile. The large, young Mr. Holton burst into a loud, appreciative guffaw. Gilbert walked over to the other. "You think this is funny, don't

"Well, what do you think of that?" Synchronously, with the final word,

flat-palmed smack on the jaw, which sounded like a toy pistol. The two young gentlemen ther visitor was half as big again as the home talent, but the latter's weeks of toil had sinewed him like a wildcat

To the alone and alarmed spectator it seemed that some one might well be killed or seriously damaged, but that the victim was more likely to be the son of toil than the son of case. Arbitration occurred to her as timely She essayed it first by verbal appeal and without the slightest effect, then with the interposed handle of the pick ters, and finally, as the combatants swung apart for breath, by the obstacle of her own slender body. It was an ill-advised move. Gilbert, lunging wildly forward to resume swung a blind right, felt it land or something softer than his foe's coun tenance, heard a low cry, and saw the girl stagger back with fingers pressed to her mouth. She took them away, and a tiny trickle of blood ameared

Gilbert caught her in his arms. H pressed her face against his, his lips her to him. For a moment her eye him away.

With a strangled gasp of disma

were deceivers ever." possessed a fair estimate, for he had

As he approached the treasure spot identified as sheer hatred ran through

As he crossed the limits of No. 16 (now conspicuously ornamented with

her name), and reverted to her work "I've come on business," he stated "Business? With me?" "Yes. I want to buy your lot."
"It isn't for sale." She sat down,

selected a small bush from a bundle,

and proceeded to scoop out a hole for

stifled his natural expression of resentment, realizing that this was ar occasion for diplomacy. "Yours isn't much improved. "By several weeks of hard labor,"

wouldn't do that much work for any body else for a thousand dollars." "Figure of speech," he said hastily.

"Well, there's the tool shed. hundred for that," "Anything more?" he ard, controlled voice. "N-n-no. Oh, yes; there is.

further T'

"What do you want of that thing?" "I want it." she replied in a dieaway voice, "to remind me that men

work myself to the bone on your property and then charging me for my own labor. I guess that's fair Matisse was a teacher of anatomy beand decent-from a girl's point of "What do you know about girls points of view?" she came back a him. "You don't suppose I ever mean to take your money, do you? I didn't really intend to let you go on working here, but you were so mean and petty and snappish I just thought it would do you good to work it out,

promise when you gave your word honor-bright-and-bound." "I forgot," he said lamely. staring you in the face every minute. out betraying the great secret. Until the transfer was registered he'd stick to the safe side of quiet. "You can

have the sign if you want it," he "Anyway, you won't need it. I'll

should have inspired. "Besides, my name is signed to it Can I go dig it up now?" "T'll dig it myself."

yours is better?"

entimental as a fence post," she opined. "I'm the sentimental one, trying to play fair, letting you off easy on your bargain, and just because, though you're hateful and spiteful as as a woman, and your word isn't worth a peanut-shuck, there was just "Starting point? Are you going any a minute, just a weeny bit of a minte when I almost liked you." He dropped his spade abruptly

nerves?"

her smiling dip. A deeply discolored patch marked it. At this he stared in

mained in his. "I've done enough," he said hoarsely.

danced at him. "Not enough," sin-

"Well, you ought to be very much after another interlude. "What"

few violin strings in another, a grin- their life efforts toward the produc der puff, and would thus convey an "New art is a great endeavor t express in plastic form the tremen-"Do not suppose that he does not eration to the hidden potentialties of

When one glances at the two art extremes evolved by David Edstrom, of their art is in its powers of endurthe third group, he cannot help but feel that the ideal has been realized

MUCH has been written of the won

nsible young vigor. She darted the left evebrow, performed a series in him as she said softly:

"Me? I don't make love to men,"

Zelda had picked him up, dusted him much as she had chuckled at Gilbert off, and finding him an amusing and Hayden's toilful agony. "He hasn't attractive human toy, petted him been working on his lot." Quite as much as was good for either "He hasn't!" Dr. Weston's words

matrimonial ambitions, she, being a slacker has been shirking?"
sensible and honest individual, was "Not that, either. It's too good to sensible and honest individual, was keep. Promise you won't tell? Sol-

THE physician crossed his hands When I marry, it'll be real | I on his chest and closed his eyes

> so neat and pretty for my garden. "How does he get that way? Has

everything and everybody and par- idly, "if I hadn't changed 'em. That ticularly Dr. Weston. But he began was after he put up his hateful 'No

Young Mr. Hayden interrupted his a rock at the "No Tresspassing" sign, he do, anyway, besides shovel dirt the large youth. brown girl was alone this time. The new advertising ideas and that sort car stopped. The brown girl got out. Did she hesitate and glance at him? day derive vast wealth and glory,

> Whence had the storm come? A a high, sustained roar overhead as if spring itself had turned Berserker, and the solid column of the rain came charging across the flat. He saw the brown girl running lightly ahead of it, surmount a fence, leap a ditch, gain the road and reach her car in a gallant sprint, just as the first drops overtook her. Meantime he had taken refuge in his tool house. Something seemed to be wrong with her car; the engine wouldn't start. Through his half open door he could see her desperately manipulating the levers. She jumped out and undertook to lift the hood, but the sav-

> way, seemed to drift to leeward as a tremendous burst of wind struck it, and slithered to the ditch's edge, where it precariously hung at a threatening

"Come out." invited Gilbert, brandishing his pencho.

WITHOUT clearly knowing how it be seen happened she found herself o'clock.

of thing, out of which he would some was holding out on him. . . Yes; but walking aimlessly across the landscape why (this two hours later) hadn't he his pick. The rock shattered around the storm was all over and the sun him and took the pick out of his shining? . . . To tell the truth he hadn't noticed it himself. Did she puff of hot wind, a rush of cold air, really have to go? So soon? When was she coming back? . . . Perhaps tomorrow. Perhaps the day after. "I wish you'd tell me one thing,

> laugh at you again-"I don't want you to do that," he interrupted hastily. "I'd miss it. But it isn't so pleasant when you bring other people into it." "You are a nice boy, and I'll promise not to share you as a joke any more. But as to telling you-well,

though," he said appealingly as he

She had the grace to blush a little.

"The joke? If I promise never to

put her in the car.

we'll see tomorrow." As the car started she leaned out to call back: 'Don't forget about the sign.' He waved reassuringly. He would do it that minute. Starting purposefully toward the mound, he checked himself in astonishment. Under the clawing of the rain, nearly a fourth of it had come down in flaky ruin. He kicked about amidst the rubble A queer looking pebble, roundish and the size of a large marble, rolled from his foot. He picked it up. It was encrusted, except in one place which

ruddy lucent gleam like—like—well like the look from a girl's brown ILBERT stared and stared, while bits of all-but-forgotten geology from his college course buzzed in his brain. This was certainly the famous serpentine rock formation of New Jersey decayed and flaky. Of a sudden the proprietor of lot 16 M, abandoning pick and shovel and forgetful

even of his hat, left that place on a

run. The matter of the offending

shone clear, warm and crystalline, a

sign had wholly lapsed from his in-Miss Nancy Nellis could hardly believe her outraged eyes. There on the mound-top stood the same old sign. Nowhere was the perjured digger to be seen, although it was nearly 11 "Til fix him for this!" she promised

Back she drove to her uncle's and

phoned to Mr. Hannis Holton, largest,

huskiest and most persistent of her

coterie of adorers. Yes, indeed; Mr.

Holton would come out to luncheon

herself savagely.

Meantime the delver into earth's mysteries had made a hasty trip to Princeton to see an acquaintance in the mineralogical department, and had come back rather more excited than he went. In his pocket he brought a small globe of beauty over which he did much restless dreaming picturing its effect set in dull gold and pendant around a slender neck; but nehow it was not the clear pallor

nerveless hand. "I want to explain." he began. "Your property?" He stared at her

the wrong lot. Here's the map and

interloper, "the m-m-mound belongs "It does. And it's going to stay "And I've done all my work for nothing."

"For me," corrected Miss Nellis

"I'll say it's funny," asseverated the Mr. Holton received and absorbed

sincerity.

to the cruelly bruised spot, cradling opened close to his, looking up into hem with a startled, wondering, speculative expression. She pushed

Nancy Nellis, Gilbert the Digger was now familiar; first as a rainy-day pal which had so engrossed him that he and second as a reversion to the fembrown girl coolly. She walked up to inine, which had left him bewildered to see her in a third role, that of a business woman. He himself was all made up internally as a business man, the hard-boiled variety, the kind that says "Business is business" and under that legend does things from which shrink. By hook or crook, probably the latter, he was going to acquire o disastrously mistaken for his own 16 M. Of its probable value he now

> been surreptitiously working the serpentine lode for five nights, and the rewards of his criminal operations were astounding. and beheld the brown girl busy with a trowel on the level which he had so painfully graded, a thrill which he

> his veins. Even Zelda Trefavne's maltreatment of his feelings retreat N he delivered himself of a chill introductory cough. The brown girl half lifted her head, glanced coldly in his direction, pointedly in the direction of the "No Trespassing" sign

> its reception. "I'll trade you mine for it," he of fered persuasively. "Mine's a better one; flatter and nearer the road What do you say?"
> She considered for a moment. yours isn't improved," she pointed out calmly.

"Improved! Well, I'm-

she answered. "And impro are worth money." "How much money?" "I heard you say one day that you

tist bill; twenty dollars. You knocked two of my teeth loose. Aren't you sorry?" "Well, is that the total?" "You aren't sorry," she decided Then there's the broken word about

a dirty trick he was about to put over

like poison in your system. And anyway, you had no excuse to break your

This was received with the scorr roper to its weakness as a plea. "That's likely, isn't it, with the thing "There were other things thatthat-" His head was buzzing with the desire to square himself with her, even though she hadn't been quite square with him-or had she, after all?-but he couldn't well do it with-

giraffe and said, There aint no such animal. He got his spade from his too achievements of Matisse as a colorist shack, mounted-the little ascent and was when I noticed that after leaving started to work. The brown girl rose his studio the world seemed brighter and more glowing. His superior

inside him.

idea of the entire affair without taxing his mind with details. fore he took up modern art.

movement, as poignant as the motif "Heretofore music has been the only art liberated from natural sources, for music is not composed from the sounds made by a jangling trolley car, a train whistle or the clatter of hoofs. Music has been separated from these primitive forms of expression, and so, likewise, modernists have tried to determine the exact nature of the spectrum, because all colors are there. But just as the untrained ear cannot detect a false music note or a variance in time, so the untrained eye cannot detect the true colors in nature, and when the im pressionistic school started people said there were no such colors. The attitude of the average human being

is that of the farmer who first saw a

"The first time I realized the great

knowledge of color and the greater accuracy of his eye in determining real color values corrected the impressions of my untrained eye, and I saw green where before I might have "If pearls weren't known in the world you would have to educate people until they realized their beauty and their hard and enduring quality. The artist, therefore must educate

COMETIMES the question Is it worth while to enrich life, or should we be satisfied with

the public before the value of his

move forward or backward, should not our alm be to help it progress?

"No, I don't. I'm cured of all that foolishness." At this so queer a lit-

"Not much," she soothed him. "Just a hint or two that I picked up from Dr. Weston. He's a wonderful physician, don't you think?" the other passionately. "He put me

I know who she is-if she heard her self called a disease," ruminated the mischievous Miss Nellis. She stretched out her hands. "Help me up, please As he drew her to her feet he saw for the first time, the left corner of

contradicted, "or else too much. Who are you staring so queerly. You-you How do I know they wouldn't steal don't see any No-trespass sign there do you?" A moment, a rather long moment "That was about the sign. Oh:" later she was adjusting a small cross

'Man Triumphant,' seeking to em-

scribes of the middle ages, who were willing to devote an entire life to copying and embellishing a single book. The field of modern science is full of effort that is equally prolonged, equally painstaking, and in the great observatories of Europe and America there are men who are spending their lives in entering in hig books, night by night, figures that merely go to make up tables from which our descendants centuries hence shall be able to calculate the preces-

have not merely a list of all the plants of a country, but a full acq count and description of every plan Some idea of such a task may b cases. The Italian flora that Prof. Filippo Parlatore began in 1848 was not completed until 1894. But it was not completed by Parlatore himself, he had long since gone to his reward. Prof. Teodor Caruel finished the work. In this country Prof. Asa Gray, distinguished American botanist, began the "Flora of North America" at about his twenty-fifth year. The first number appeared in 1838. Gray died in 1888, and the work was only about half finished. During the fifty years that Gray toiled in this work his task was never interrupted for more than a brief period.